

Forbidden Fruit

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Summary: Forbidden fruit, plump and juicy. Deliciously wet and alluring. No man nor woman could possibly resist. Except Stan Marsh. No need to fret though, he'll get a taste. WARNING: Underage sex, drinking, and more. Honestly, there weren't enough Stan x Ike stories so here ya go. I already have enough unfinished stories.

1. Chapter 1

I AM FOURTEEN YEARS OLD. **_ I AM NOT A PEDOPHILE LOL MY STORIES ARE VULGAR AND DARK. SICKEST ADDICTION IS SICK. CRYBABY IS SICK. COLOR BLIND WILL TURN SICK AND VIDEO GAMES IS SICK. I'm just using new ideas fam. Don't hate me lol this involves underage sex, very underage. **

Stan Marsh. Friends with my older brother, Kyle. Scratch that, super best friends. He was hot, sexy I must say. Being smarter than I probably should be, it seems as though I've matured to the point that I wanna start having sex. I'm twelve.

It started out innocently, I wanted my first time to be with someone I love and I love Stan. I love his black hair. I love his toned muscles. I loved his laugh, his voice. I wanted to feel it against my skin, my neck and many other places so to speak.

I drop hints like Nicki Minaj drops that fake ass of hers. I wiggle my hips like Shakira, I wear short shorts like half the female population and tight shirts that hugged my, for some reason, busty body. I was bound to get humps since I'm only twelve and already have an ass as plump and juicy as the most delicious and purest of forbidden fruit. Untouched, unmarked and ready for him to sink his pearly white teeth into. I wanted his marks all over me, I wanted his wet, warm tongue on and inside of me. I wanted to feel his hands on my hips, keeping me in place as he rammed into me harshly. I can only imagine though. I can only dream.

He was spending the night with Kyle tonight. He was over quite often, no surprise there. Perhaps all I needed to do was come onto him stronger, be confident, be out there, be sexy and irresistible. It was all planned out. Play sick, my family will go out on their Sunday family dinner. They won't wanna leave a poor, sick twelve year old home all alone. Suggest Stan should stay and handle me while they're out. Come onto Stan. It was the perfect plan.

Of course, I covered my undeniable intelligence and cleverness by putting on that annoying little brother act. I slipped an over sized shirt over my head and left it at that, boxer shorts underneath. I looked at myself in the mirror. Ah yes, shota-perfection. Any man above thirty would pay thousands to have a nice slice of this but frankly someone owns it all. I'll consider it after, I could move out with the money I save from sleeping with married men. Fuck, I'd pay to fuck myself.

I pulled my bedroom door open and took a deep breath before stumbling downstairs where Kyle and Stan were watching a movie. Terrance and Philip, Asses of fire three. I wasn't allowed to watch this, PG-13. I looked to the back of Stan's perfect head, what could possibly have caused the brooding in my loins? Stan, nineteen year old Stan Marsh and does he have the slightest idea of what he's missing out on? No. Apparently not. I popped up on the side of the couch, Kyle's side. He looked to me curiously, then down at my attire and raised an eyebrow.

"Go back upstairs, Ike. You can't watch this." He returned his gaze to the TV. I pouted slightly.

"I'm twelve! I can watch this, I'm mature enough." I protested. How could watching a movie about fart jokes be any worse than fantasizing about boys-men-seven years older than me, pounding into my behind might I add. I stood on my tip toes, my hands on the arm of the couch as I waited for a response. It didn't come from Kyle.

"Sure dude, he's like a kid prodigy. Just let him watch it." Stan shrugged towards Kyle lightly. Kyle groaned and scooped over but instead of sitting there, between Kyle and the arm of the couch, I plopped between he and Stan. It was a slightly tight fit but not as tight as Stan inside me. Figuratively, of course.

They thought nothing of it, my eyes were glued to the hand Stan rested on his own knee and his other arm laying along the back of the couch, over me. I blushed. It was hard to tell with the dark room and flashing colors from the TV but I felt it. I pulled my knees up, I felt my shirt tighten around me as I pulled my shirt over my knees. "I'm cold, I'm gonna go get a blanket. Anyone want anything while I'm up?" I asked, hopping up off the couch. Kyle wanted a soda. I was disappointed when Stan shook his head, not giving me a first glance. I knew he wanted me though. Everyone wants me, that's just how it is.

I bounded into the kitchen, grabbed a soda and hurried to the hallway closet that contained all the blankets. I pulled a big one out and returned to my spot between them, handing the soda over to Kyle. He thanked me as he sipped on it. I spread the blanket out, covering all of me and partially the two boys on both my sides. I felt giddy, sitting so close to the one I loved. I yawned, it was getting late.

My head rested on Stan's shoulder, he didn't pull away or say anything. Probably dismissed it as a kid being tired, a kid who refused going to bed despite being asleep just seconds before. I was actually ready for bed though. I closed my eyes, snuggling into the warmth that was none other than Stanley Randal(l) Marsh. I fell asleep soon after only to wake up the next morning in my cold, Stanless, bed. My mother shaking me awake.

"Come on Bubbeh, it's time to get ready." She said softly, I peeked an eye open. Time for my genius plan.

"I don't feel good." I whined. I would have attempted to vomit, for show, but with how much I practiced for Stan, I no longer had a gag reflex. I can do anything, impressive, right? I whined incoherently as my mother pressed a hand to my forehead, frowning.

"Oh Bubbeh, you _are_ a little warm. How about you stay home with Kyle?" She offered, ready to call Kyle and break the news to him but I grabbed her hand. No way was I gonna miss my opportunity!

"No... I don't want to keep h-him here." I kept my eyes covered from the sun as if I had a migraine. "Stan could...maybe look after me. Until you get home." I suggested. She smiled softly.

"I'll ask him. You just rest Bubbehleh." She kissed my forehead and left to the room next to mine. I listened in, I heard my mother ask, I heard Stan say yes, I heard my mother return. "He said yes, now, get back to sleep. And be a good boy while we're gone Ike. I mean it." She said sternly, closing my door as she left to get dressed.

Fuck yes. I listened for her to leave. Once she did, I shot up and left my bedroom in search of the one and only. My favorite person. The person who _will_ deflower me, holding nothing back. I found him on the couch, he was in a green T-shirt and pajama pants. His eyes were glued to his phone but the TV was on, switched to some T&P rerun. Why they refused to make new episodes stumps me but I couldn't care less, I was more interested in the news. I grabbed the remote and plopped down next to him. He looked at me questionably as I turn the channel.

"I thought you were sick." He stated, genuinely confused. He set his phone down, awaiting a response. I shrugged my shoulders, keeping my gaze on the TV. I didn't really think this far, what should I do? Ask him? He'd most likely decline and tell Kyle. Tell him to take me? He'd have the same reaction as option one. Blackmail him? Why not. I turned the channel to a porn channel my father watches. What we watch is instantly added to the recently watched list, a list that determines what type of shows we watch and suggests shows similar to them, so my mother sees all. She won't be pleased to know Stanley is watching this, would she?

He fumbled to turn the TV off but it was no use when I had the remote and the TV buttons didn't work. "Ike, what the hell? Change that!" He cried, glaring down at me. I shook my head. "Seriously Ike, I'm gonna be in so much shit if you don't change it." He added. "There's a difference between Asses of Fire three and porn, Ike change it or I'll tell Kyle."

I hopped up at the mention of my brother's name. "Okay, sit down and

I'll change it." He rolled his eyes and sat obediently. I turned it up instead. "Kiss me." I ordered, my cheeks aflame as the girl on TV moaned louder and louder with each thrust from her neighbor's husband. Sick though, why settle for something used?

"Ike, no, just give me the remote." I pulled it behind me as he reached for it, I took this opportunity to push my boxer shorts down. He didn't see anything due to my big shirt covering me as much as before. I'm sure, had I taken the shirt off, he'd take me here and now. I could take it off but now to be with Stanley was not the time. He looked at me as if I'd grown another head. My second head was surely growing. I pushed him back against the couch by his shoulders.

"My mom's not gonna be happy to find out nineteen year old Stanley, is watching porn so openly while her poor, defenseless son Ike is home. Will she?" I asked, from a soft weak voice to a strong, confident voice.

"Ike, that's not how it happened and you know it." He interjected, nudging me off but I didn't budge.

"And who is she gonna believe? I could easily clear the history, no one will know, I could go back to my room and continue to fake sick but where's the fun in that?" I didn't care if this was right or wrong, loving someone out of my league is wrong itself. I brushed the thought away. "Let's say they walk in and see this." I gestured to me in his lap.

"Ike, you're twelve, I'm nineteen! Even if I wanted to, it's illegal as shit, just drop this and go upstairs." He pleaded calmly.

"Um... No. Now I can scream bloody murder and your father Randy can bust in and see this beautiful display, or you can do as I say and kiss me. I'm afraid we merely have half an hour. So love-making is out for today." I pouted to him as I turned the TV off. I was tired of her strangled moans interrupting me.

"Dude, what the fuck?" He asked himself in utter disbelief.

"Kiss me, I love you Stan, please, just kiss me." I begged weakly, inching closer. He pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Why am I even considering this. It's so fucking wrong." He muttered angrily. He sighed before reluctantly leaning in a connecting his rigid lips to mine. I pushed into it, there was no tongue just yet and before I could change that, he pulled away. "Alright, delete the history shit and put your underwear back on." I shook my head.

"That wasn't a kiss! I give kisses like that to my dad!" I grumbled, he instantly rubbed his mouth. Who'd wanna kiss my dad? After that night when he dressed as the UPS man I'd been scarred. "Not literally!" I added. "Kiss me like you'd kiss a girl or whatever." I demanded, ready to turn that porn right back on. He rolled his eyes once more and groaned in frustration. Leaning in, he kissed me with lots of (fake) passion. I knew he was holding a lot back, but I still had trouble keeping up as he shoved his tongue into my mouth. He tasted of popcorn and mountain dew. His tongue pressed into my with force, automatically winning the war for dominance. I moaned softly into the kiss, there was so much saliva, it was so unsanitary yet I

wanted to soak in a bathtub full of his bodily fluids regardless of where they came from and what they were.

He pulled away after a good twenty seconds, I sucked in a much needed breath, I wiped away the saliva on my lips as he stared at me sternly. "Delete the watch history." He ordered. I nodded weakly, pulling my boxers up, I did as I was told. I stayed on the couch next to him, watching the news.

I was so happy, no words could possibly describe the feeling brewing deep within me, my heart felt like it had swollen to the size of my own head, not that it was big or anything. I was so unsettled, I wanted, needed to kiss him again and again and again until I no longer even had lips. Speaking of my lips, they were swollen and felt fuzzy. I sat quietly next to him as he played on his phone, most likely trying to forget the fact that he just tongue fucked my mouth. Had it gone on any longer, I might've gotten off like that. It was just... so eccentric and exciting, doing something so frowned upon. It made me wanna do it more.

"Kiss me more!" I demanded, bouncing on my knees. He had the remote now, so I had little to no leverage. I could threaten to report him for sexually harassing me, molesting me, raping me but then I'd never have him. I could threaten him though.

He shook his head. "Ike, just go back upstairs, I need to call Kyle." He ordered, very firmly too. I shook my head, what if he told on me? We'd be separated, how would we live without one another? How would I go on?

"Don't tell on me! I only wanted a kiss, I-i'm sorry." I started crying, I covered my face with my hands. This is too embarrassing! "I'll do w-whatever, just please don't t-tell on me!" I sobbed. He put his phone down, obviously looking guilty as shit.

"No-Ike-don't cry, alright alright, I won't tell, ok, just stop crying." His reassurance did nothing to sooth me, he'd kissed me and he still didn't want me? All these months was I filled with false hope?

He sighed, more frustrated than last time, and pulled me into his lap where he cradled me like a baby, just like my mother did. But I was no child, not in my eyes at least. I was growing and needed to act grown up. Maybe if I'm more mature? I don't know.

"Twelve year old boy speaks the truth about getting molested by his former neighbor, Stan Marsh." I said quietly, he froze, I kept my eyes on his beautiful ocean blue eyes. I wanted to drown and die in them. I wanted to die, I wanted to choke to death on his cock, I wanted to get food poisoning from swallowing too much of his precious seed, I wanted him to strangle me as he fucked me despite my crying. I wanted to die by his hand due to embarrassment. "Don't let that spread Stanley. Don't let it spread." I whispered.

2. Chapter 2

****Ike****

I feel like an over obsessive fanboy. I feel like my senpai finally

noticed me even if it was forced and without many feelings attached (to him). I knew I was supposed to keep my mouth shut but I was just way too excited to boast about the loving and very passionate kiss me and Stan shared. Surely better than the kisses he used to give Wendy, if he ever managed too. I'd throw up everytime I looked at her if we were together so I'm so glad.

My overflowing excitement resulted in me laying in bed, phone in hand, legs crossed and in the air, squealing coming from the other end. It was Filmore. He already had a boyfriend, Firkle. Firkle was pretty cute, calm, and collected. A little too dark for my liking. I consider myself an emo rather than goth. I mean, what's so hard about admitting that much? I just like a darker style but not too dark y'know?

"No way! He's like, eighteen right? How'd you manage that?" He asked with obvious amusement. Filmore came around after I gave him answers to our spelling test back in second grade, from then on, we were inseparable. Stuck at the hip. Basically conjoined.

"He's nineteen, you can't tell anyone, you know that right?" I asked before explaining what happened word for word. He was laughing hysterically by the end of it, heaving. All we could ever get out of Firkle was a small snort and a smirk. He seemed to be the new, goth version of Craig Tucker, Kyle's boyfriend.

"Oh my god! Ike, you are fucking crazy, so, he gonna hit that?" I heard his smirk from over the phone.

"If I have anything to say about it. Who could resist?" I gloated. Honestly, who could? I was smart and attractive. I was always happy and cheerful. I'm kind, considerate, clever, and much more half of South Park couldn't possess. Plus, having a secret relationship, illegally, just turns me the fuck on.

After another full hour of talking about Firkle and Stan, I grew too tired to keep talking. Tomorrow was Monday, I'm in eighth grade. Impressive, is it not? Surrounded by thirteen and fourteen year olds has had a dramatic affect on my behaviour and language.

I crawled into bed, snuggling up into the covers. Stan left hours ago, as soon as my family came back. My behaviour shouldn't catch anyone off guard, I remember my short phase of wanting to do nothing more than pound strange or when I boned my teacher. That was... interesting to say the least. Thank god I came to my senses before I decided to sleep with a man, thank god I realized my rear end should be saved for Stanley.

I fell asleep instantly, dreams wandering to the dirty, filthy depths of my mind. I was not, in anyway, surprised to find my boxers were soiled. I always woke up earlier because Kyle just loved to hog all the damn hot water, so I showered and dressed before he could even wake. Kyle was in his last year of highschool, a senior. He still dropped me off at school on his way which was nice so I forgive him for causing me to have very cold showers every morning for my first year of school.

I wouldn't say my style and choice of clothing was in anyway out of the ordinary. I wore eyeliner, I wore black, I wore my hair in the stereotypical emo way, but I looked damn good. I reached for my

backpack and headed downstairs. Kyle was nowhere to be seen. My mother was in the kitchen cooking, she loved cooking, I loved her cooking.

"Mama? Where's Kyle? Is he taking me to school?" I set my bag down next to my chair.

"No Bubbeh, Kyle caught whatever you had sweetie, it's a lot worse though. Stan's coming to take you since my car's at the shop. Be ready, he'll be here soon." She explained, sliding a plate of eggs and bacon to me. I instantly dug in to mask my grin. I needed nobody to get suspicious of my intentions. In the slightest.

"Mhm." I responded with my mouth full. This tastes amazing. I finished it quickly because one, I was told to, and two, I wanted to be ready to jump out of this house and into Stan's big arms. I wonder what encouraged him to actually come see me, did he have a choice? I can't tell if he's avoiding me, we rarely talked before and it's been less than a day so... Yeah?

I heard honking from outside and I was out in .3 seconds, the biggest grin I could muster, but couldn't help, on my flawless face. I opened the door to see Stan on his phone. I buckled in and stared at him for a brief second. He pulled out of the driveway wordlessly.

"You're not allowed to text and drive." I murmured after ten seconds of complete silence.

"You're not allowed to hit on overage men. You're not allowed to hit on anyone when you're twelve." He shot back nonchalantly. I rolled my eyes.

"Whatever, seriously, you can't be all salty about that. It wasn't that bad was it? Tell me the truth, did you hate it?" I had turned in my seat to face him completely. We were nearing the school now so I had no time to waste nor wait.

"I didn't like it." He answered.

"I didn't ask that, did you hate it?" I worded, putting emphasis on the 'hate'. There's a difference. There's a big difference. I felt like an idiot when he kept his gaze away and nodded. Figures. "Fine. See you later." I grumbled, snatching my bag and hurrying out of the car. I took long strides all the way to the entrance of the school, kids were filing in at a minimum to either visit the library or before school tutoring.

As if I care, I have all the knowledge I need and much more. I know Stan didn't hate that very innocent kiss and I know he won't hate turning that one kiss into infinite ones. He should know he doesn't have a choice in this. I always get what I want, whether it be the TV remote, whether it be Kyle getting grounded for kicking me [who tf kicks a goddamn baby], whether it be Stan himself. I felt my cheeks grow red, not for being flustered. For being angry.

**Probably the shortest chapter this story has. UNEDITED. **

****Ike****

X

I knocked on their front door, it was right after school, he surely should be home. I think? Does he have football practice? Or...? I wish he'd talk to me more often. To him, we're just acquaintances. To me, he's my everything. Maybe he doesn't know that, I should show him how much he means to me and how much I appreciate just his company.

His sister, Shelley answered. "What do you want, Turd?" He lost her headgear and actually took time to brush her hair but she was still rude. She moved away a few years ago too, I guess she was visiting?

"Uh... Is Stan here?" She was way taller than me, which was kinda unnerving. What if she beat me up just for the fuck of it?

"Why do you care? He's not here!" She moved to shut the front door but I stopped it with my foot.

"Can I wait for him?" I asked eagerly.

"I don't care, just don't bother me." She let me in, slamming the front door and stroming upstairs I guess to her old room which was now a guest room. I sat on the couch, playing on my phone as I waited. Flappy bird always pissed me off to no end. But after an hour, I was getting bored. Pretty fucking bored.

Then again, just seeing me on his couch wasn't gonna automatically initiate a conversation or whatever. I looked around for his parents, I guess they were out too. I hurried upstairs to his room. It was kinda messy too. I should change that.

I dropped my bag against his bed and started with his messy desk. I went through all his papers, he writes a bunch of songs, he kinda draws too. They were nice too. I read through a few of his songs before filing them away in my backpack. I went deeper into his desk, finding a picture of Wendy. This won't do. I put that in my backpack as well before I put my focus on the rest of his room. There were clothes strewn all around. I dropped to my knees, picking a few up at a time before dropping them in the hamper by his door that never seems to be in use. I was so close to being finished but... his clothes smell so good. I held one of his dirty shirts in my hands, clutching it tightly. I brought it to my face, inhaling deeply. It smelled amazing. I sat there, sniffing it for a good five minutes. I didn't put that shirt in the hamper, I took my own shirt off and replaced it with that shirt. I wanted it, it's mine now.

Next was to organize his games. He had a PlayStation 4 in his room with over twenty games. They were all over the place, some not even in their cases. Who raised this boy? Oh yeah, Randy.

I put every game in their respectful case as well as in alphabetical order. It looked so much better. Last but not least, his bed. I have to make his bed. I strolled over to it, pulling the covers up along with the sheets. I fluffed his pillow up, digging my face into it. It smelled heavenly, like his Honey and Milk shampooed hair. I crawled onto the bed, nuzzling my face into the pillow. I just cannot get

enough of this aroma. I pulled away for a split second, I kicked my pants off, leaving me in my SpongeBob underwear. I pulled the covers over me. I can doze off but only for a minute. I don't wanna just fall asleep.

Well shit, I did.

It was so comfortable, so soft, it smelled good and felt good and I couldn't help myself but falling asleep. Snuggling into the blankets and pillow, I shut my eyes, falling asleep immediately.

****X****

I opened my eyes. It was dark. Oh geez, how long was I asleep? I sat up, rubbing my eyes tiredly. I checked my phone, it was past midnight already. I looked myself over, I was still in Stan's clothes, still in his bed in his room. Did he never come home? I pushed the covers aside, standing up, I made the bed real quick before stepping into the hallway. The TV downstairs was on, where Stan was, flicking through channels.

I sat next to him on the couch, leaving just a little space between us. "We should talk." I murmured, kicking my legs.

"About you being in my room? Wearing my shirt and sleeping in my bed?" He sounded more annoyed than angry. I could understand that. I wasn't planning on falling asleep.

"No, about me loving you. Because I do." I blushed lightly, he just needed to know that. Because it's true. "And I want you to be my boyfriend." He sighed heavily before turning to me, looking down at me with a stern expression.

"Listen, I love you too." My heart fluttered. "But like a little brother, like Kyle loves you." Oh, stomp on my poor virgin heart why don't you. I need to keep positive. You gotta work hard for what you want.

I shook my head. "No. That's not what I mean." I crossed my arms, ready to throw a fit. A big fat fit. This isn't at all what I planned for when I came here. Though, what I planned may have been a little exaggerated.

"I know that, but... It's illegal for one, you're too young, I don't feel that way towards you. At all. I need to take you home anyway, Kyle insisted I just let you sleep. He wants to talk to you too." I glared at him.

"I don't wanna talk to him." I muttered under my breath. "I'm not going to either. You or him can't make me... And I don't need you to take me home!" I jumped from the couch, ready to leave.

"No, You forgot all your stuff upstairs anyway." He scolded, trying to stop me but it was no use.

"Burn in hell." I cried, trying to open the door, I used my free hand to wipe my stupid ugly face, I don't even know why I was crying. This is stupid. Stan is stupid. All of this is so freaking stupid! Why won't this dumb door open?

Before I knew it, Stan had my belongings in one arm, me in the other like I was a fucking baby. I didn't fight it much. "The door's locked..." He informed, unlocking it and opening the door and stepping into the chilled night air. I'm so freaking dumb I swear.

I covered my wet face with his big blue shirt, crying into it silently. "This is st-stupid..." My voice cracked.

We made it to my house a few moments later, since we were neighbors. He let me down, I stood on my bear feet, watching him knock on the door. I turned away, just wanting to go in and talk to my friends.

That's exactly what I would've done but my mood was suddenly lifted when Stanley Randall Marsh pecked me on the lips. It was for just a second and only a few seconds before Kyle opened the front door and beckoned me inside for our little chat.

End
file.